

Good Morning 663

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Cuckoo Call for A.B. Douglas Ford

UNCLE BILL opened the door of 112, Hemingford Road, Barnsbury, N.1, and introduced us to your wife, A.B. Douglas Ford.

He was just leaving for work, but he stayed long enough to give us a message for you. It is—"The eggs and bacon are still waiting, and the 'Cuckoo' has still got some in." We hope you get it.

Mrs. Ford took over from Uncle Bill to give us some more news.

She told us that Les—of whom we caught a glimpse as he returned to work on his green cycle—is still bringing down the houses in Hemingford Road with his saxophone practising.

Len called at 112 recently to see the folks. He is expecting to go abroad any time now. Iris says he is well and wishes to be remembered to you.

We noticed the photograph of Cyril and his accordion on the wall. He, too, is fit and joins with Will—serving in Egypt—in wishing you a speedy and safe return.

As it was a very sunny day your wife took us to see the garden. We remarked on the extreme neatness of everything, which prompted your wife to tell us that Uncle Bill is still trying to raise things, but there is continuous and murderous



warfare between him and the cats.

Iris hopes it won't be long now before you and she will be going to the State, in Kilburn, and to the Speedway again.

Till then she says,—

"All my love, Doug, and come home safely and soon."

It's Never Too Young To Learn

J. M. MICHAELSON discusses some Infant Prodigies

TEN-YEAR-OLD Elizabeth Vernon-Howell recently played a Haydn piano concerto with the London Symphony Orchestra at a Sunday afternoon concert. After playing any piece over twice she knows it from memory. Sixteen-year-old Peter Hodgson recently listened to the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra broadcasting his "Concerto Fantasia." In America, a fifteen-year-old boy has been conducting the leading orchestras in a classical repertoire with the sureness of a master.

Altogether there appears to be quite a "rash" of infant musical prodigies. Music has long been one of the branches of the arts in which precocity is not uncommon.

Mischa Elman before the last war delighted great audiences by his violin playing, when he was still at the "velvet suit" age. Yehudi Menuhin first took an interest in the violin at the age of two, played in public when he was five and with the San Francisco Orchestra when he was six.

The classical case was that of Mozart, who began music at four and was the "wonder of Europe" at seven.

Precocity in music is explained by the psychologists as being possible because musical ability is a special faculty. It does not require "all round" knowledge and experience.

Possibly the reason why so many musical prodigies have never been heard of after reaching twenty-one is because they lacked this ability to learn from experience, and

were no longer simply "wonderful" because of their age. Menuhin, wisely seeing the danger, deliberately withdrew for two years from the concert platform to study and "grow up."

A phenomenal memory is apt to show itself early. While the child is young, it attracts attention because of its "learning." But unless the learning is accompanied by something else, the "wonder" departs with increasing age and the child may have a humdrum life.

An example of this was a prodigy of some years ago in America. At two, W. J. Sidis could read and write, at seven he had passed medical school examinations, at eight he was master of six languages, at eleven he gave a lecture to professors on higher mathematics.

But he "burned himself out" and at the age of 25 was carrying on with an ordinary mechanic's job, happy and anxious above all not to think.

But it is untrue, generally, to say that those who are precocious are rarely brilliant in later life. This is a favourite theme with distinguished visitors at school prize givings and it may give the consolation intended to those without prizes—but it simply isn't true!

John Stuart Mill was a child prodigy, a master of Greek at six. He won greater fame with every year he lived. Macaulay was a bookworm at three, and wrote not bad verse at seven. Milton wrote Latin verses at four, and Pope wrote Greek

from work. Often, too, they make several calls in an endeavour to get all the family together. Sometimes the dog takes the seat out of their pants. Almost invariably they have a yarn over a cup of tea.

And now back to your letter, Will.

Glad to hear the new-style serials are more popular. We intend keeping to the three and four-day stories as long as they continue to go down well.

About the crosswords, I must try one myself, then I may be able to discuss them with you. In the meantime, I'm afraid you will have to grin and bear it.

I think you have something in your suggestion that home pictures should take space from pin-ups. I guess that a picture from the old home town lasts quite a lot longer than one of lush limbs of someone you will never meet, anyway.

Regarding my personal movements—and thanks, by the way, for the compliment—I'm afraid they are curtailed now, but Derek Heberton is pushing the machine up the hills now, and I am sure his exploits will amuse you.

GENTLEMEN of Uproar, what did you do to my baby brother? At home we thought he didn't drink. We thought he wasn't like other sailors. We imagined him to be an officer and a gentleman. But one day a letter arrived and our illusions were shattered. His writing was illegible, his language not that of a gentleman, and his insinuations about

some sailorettes to whom he was introduced by some wicked submariners.

Seriously though, it was good of you to give him a good time. When the news spread around his squadron half of his oppos. applied for transfers from the Fleet Air Arm to the submarine service.

I gather that a time was had in Uther, too. I hope he was able to keep his promise of taking you for a trip in his ancient airkite.

He's at Malta now; if you get there he would be delighted to see you all again.

SIGNALMAN HARRY THOMAS writes from H.M. Submarine Thule to thank us for "the great mental stimulant, with whose lovely landscapes and vivacious blondes we would be truly sad."

Thanks for a particularly interesting and instructive letter, pal.

Your idea of introducing the staff—the people who call upon your home, photograph your kiddies, get around the country, and remain saddled in the office, has already been coped with. In our second birthday number we reproduced a picture of most of the staff.

Glad to hear that the strips are popular, particularly that which records the doings of Jake. When you come up you might like to meet some of the strip artists. I can't promise that, of course, because most of them work at home and just come in once a week to deliver the goods. However, most Tuesdays there is a mustering of the maniacs. Without com-



Yehudi Menuhin and his sister Hephylpan give concerts together.

verses at the same age. Goethe had invented and "perfected" his own religion and philosophy at nine—but his greatest works were written at an age when most men retire.

There have been many mathematical prodigies. Some depended purely on phenomenal memories. Michael Kaplowitt at six could work out such problems as on what day of the week a certain date, ten or twenty years backwards or forwards fell. He gave the answer instantly. Probably he had memorised the calendar.

Of a different type was the celebrated Pascal, who as a boy was forbidden mathematics so that he could concentrate on Latin and Geometry, but worked out for himself the proofs of all Euclid's propositions!

The classical example quoted to "prove" that genius often develops late in a dull boy, is Charles Darwin, who was supposed to be stupid at school. But the plain fact was that Darwin always failed to remember his Latin and Greek because he had not the slightest interest in them.

ment I will again quote: "your own particular column, Mr. Richards, interesting more so for your occasional cleverly camouflaged jokes. Oh! the things we think of thee."

As I was saying, without comment.

So the nicest girl in the world lives in Crosshill, Glasgow, does she? When next we are sending someone up there we will get them to call around to see what she thinks of you. I would like the pleasure myself, but have recently been fettered to my desk, like I was getting too old to get around.

I thanked you for your letter, Harry, but thanks again; it was good fun.

LIEUT. C. THURLOW, R.N.R., of H.M. Submarine Tally Ho!, advises that at long last his wife has got home. Nice work, Snoopy, have yourself a good time. My lunch invitation to you both still holds good.

Regarding the extra copies of the Tally Ho! do, I am sorry but no can do. I have put one in the post to-day, and that was my personal file copy.

So the big day will fall in September? Congratulations from all of us.

Regarding the other momentous occasion, Friday, June 8th, is the day. Of course, you and Jackie are invited. The rendezvous is Westminster Cathedral, the time 11.30. I don't have to say that all the boys will be welcome, do I? I think they know that.

As you say to the last pint, cheers,

A very great deal depends, of course, upon the environment. A child who shows an instinct for music at three is generally allowed to satisfy it and is quickly encouraged. Genius for science is not always so easily perceived.

Darwin's life might have been different if there had existed an institution such as that in America which gives "teen-age" boys facilities for experiment if they show talent. Some 30,000 of them work in laboratories and engineering shops in their spare time. Not all are geniuses—but the list of discoveries they have made includes some notably complex ones—new electric switches, new kinds of photographic film, new chemicals.

William Perkin was a prodigy. He was just 18 when searching for synthetic quinine he discovered the aniline dyes which founded a new industry. Marconi was only 21 when he made his first outstanding invention in wireless telegraphy.

In most sports, prodigies are handicapped for physical reasons. But in chess, which is purely a matter of mental skill, talent generally shows itself early.

Capablanca as a boy watched the chess players at his father's cafe in Cuba. One day he told one of the players where he had gone wrong. His father was inclined to regard this as "cheek" from a boy who had never played a game. But Capablanca needed no teaching.

He proceeded to beat his father and anyone else in the town who cared to take him on. Many fathers have had the same experience of being beaten by their ten- or twelve-year-old sons!

Your Letter said R.S.V.P.— Ron Richards Replies

"A VERY regular reader," P.O. Wilfred Woodgate, writes from H.M. Submarine Virtue, to thank us for calling upon his home, and he makes cracks about my getting around. And that made me wonder if you realise how we do get around to so many outlying spots.

Roughly, it works like this. In most areas, Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle, Ports-

mouth, Bristol, and so on, we have full or part-time staff, men and women, who keep the old bike at the front gate in readiness for calls from this office. We send them your addresses or requests for pictures of the local, and they send them to us as soon as possible. From this office we cover all London and most of the southern counties. And as we have no correspondents in Ulster, Eire and Scotland, we periodically send someone to clean up as much as possible in a few weeks. In places like Glasgow, we can sometimes make a dozen calls a day, in addition to getting an odd gossip paragraph or home-town note. But in some areas one day produces one story, or less.

When we anticipate calling at your home we write first explaining what the paper is, and giving as near as possible the day of calling, but quite a few folk are on Bevin's books, and it is extremely difficult to plan very far ahead. Frequently correspondents hang around a town until the family comes home from the cinema or

Throw bricks at us if
you like (the Editor is
building a house, any-
way) but for goodness
sake WRITE!

Address:
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

USELESS EUSTACE



"Blimey! Wish I'd brought the piano! I've left the ruddy railway tickets on it!"

Conclusion of "The Manuscript Found in a Bottle"

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

I HAVE been looking at the doubt was entertained of his timbers of the ship. She is veracity, "as sure as there is built of a material to which I a sea where the ship itself will am a stranger."

There is a peculiar character about the wood which strikes me as rendering it unfit for the purpose to which it has been applied. I mean its extreme porousness, considered independently of the worm-eaten condition which is a consequence of navigation in these seas, and apart from the rottenness attendant upon age. It will appear perhaps an observation somewhat over-curious, but this wood would have every characteristic of Spanish oak, if Spanish oak were distended by any unnatural means.

In reading the above sentence, a curious apophthegm of an old weather-beaten Dutch navigator comes full upon my recollection. "It is as sure," he was wont to say, when any

About an hour ago I made bold to trust myself among a group of the crew. They paid me no manner of attention, and although I stood in the very midst of them all, seemed utterly unconscious of my presence.

Like the one I had at first seen in the hold, they all bore about them the marks of a hoary old age. Their knees trembled with infirmity; their shoulders were bent double with decrepitude; their shrivelled skins rattled in the wind; their voices were low, tremulous, and broken; their eyes glistened with the rheum of years; and

their gray hairs streamed terribly in the tempest.

Around them, on every part of the deck, lay scattered mathematical instruments of the most quaint and obsolete construction.

I mentioned some time ago the bending of a studding-sail. From that period the ship, being thrown dead off the wind, has continued her terrific course due south, with every rag of canvas packed upon her, from her truck to her lower-studding-sail booms, and rolling every moment her topgallant

yard-arms into the most appalling hell of water which it can enter into the mind of man to imagine. I have just left the deck, where I found it impossible to maintain a footing, although the crew seem to experience little inconvenience. It appears to me a miracle of miracles that our enormous bulk is not swallowed up at once and for ever.

We are surely doomed to hover continually upon the brink of eternity, without taking a final plunge into the abyss. From billows a thousand

times more stupendous than any I have ever seen, we glide away with the facility of the arrowy sea-gull; and the colossal waters rear their heads above us like demons of the deep, but like demons confined to simple threats and forbidden to destroy. I am led to attribute these frequent escapes to the only natural cause which can account for such effect. I must suppose the ship to be within the influence of some strong current or impetuous undertow.

I have seen the captain face to face, and in his own cabin—but, as I expected, he paid me no attention.

Although in his appearance there is, to a casual observer, nothing which might bespeak him more or less than man, still, a feeling of irrepressible reverence and awe, mingled with the sensation of wonder with which I regarded him. In stature he is nearly my own height, that is, about five feet eight inches. He is of a well-knit and compact frame of body, neither robust nor remarkably otherwise. But it is the singularity of the expression which reigns upon the face—it is the intense, the wonderful, the thrilling evidence of old age so utter, so extreme, which excites within my spirit a sense—a sentiment ineffable. His forehead, although little wrinkled, seems to bear upon it the stamp of a myriad of years. His gray hairs are records of the past, and his grayer eyes are sybils of the future. The cabin floor was thickly strewn with strange iron-clasped folios, and moul-

QUIZ for today

1. Bdelium is a rare metal, copying ink, resin, Greek letter, toyn in Palestine?
2. What is the difference between "tariff" and "menu"?
3. What fruit grows on the blackthorn?
4. On what current English coin is St. George and the dragon depicted?
5. Where is the world's largest lake of asphalt?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Murruration, Wisp, Pride, Charm, Signet, Building.

Answers to Quiz in No. 662

1. Dictionary.
2. Sirius, the Dog Star; visible in both hemispheres.
3. For measuring the radius of a sphere.
4. (a) Yes, (b) No, (c) Yes, (d) Yes.
5. 27.
6. Luke was not an Apostle: others were.

dering instruments of science, and obsolete, long-forgotten charts.

His head was bowed down upon his hands, and he pored, with a fiery, unquiet eye, over a paper which I took to be a commission, and which, at all events, bore the signature of a monarch.

He murmured to himself—as did the first seaman whom I saw in the hold—some low, peevish syllables of a foreign tongue; and although the speaker was close at my elbow, his voice seemed to reach my

(Continued on Page 3)

PUZZLE CORNER

1. When Ethel said she had received a cheque for £25, Thomas said "River." What word linked these two ideas in Thomas's mind?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? B, L, W, Z, C, D, P, S, G, K, R.
3. Wine is to spirit what water is to: Tea, coffee, bread, steam, soda?
4. If a week before Christmas is 32 days after a fortnight before next Thursday, and Christmas Day is a Monday, how many weeks is it from next Monday to Christmas?
5. When Emma said "Blue," Cuthbert said "Razor." What word linked these two ideas in Cuthbert's mind?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Betsy, Lizzie, Bess, Betty, Betony, Bessie, Liza.
7. Coal is to gas what tar is to: Anthracite, naphtha, road-metal, tarpaulin, asphalt?
8. A family party consisted of 1 grandfather, 1 grandmother, 2 fathers, 3 mothers, 2 sons, 1 daughter, 2 sisters, 1 sister-in-law, 1 brother-in-law, 1 father-in-law, 1 daughter-in-law, 1 mother-in-law, 1 uncle by marriage, 2 aunts, 2 first cousins by marriage, 2 first cousins once removed, 1 great-aunt, 2 nephews, 1 great-niece. What is the smallest number of persons who need have been present?
9. When Fred said "Wood," Margaret said "Razor." What word linked these two ideas in Margaret's mind?
10. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Snail, Slug, Oyster, Whelk, Octopus, Cuttlefish, Jellyfish.
11. Eton is to Harrow what Winchester is to: Rugby, Eton, Charterhouse, Taunton, Malvern?
12. A family party consisted of 1 grandfather, 1 grandmother, 2 mothers, 2 fathers, 1 uncle, 2 nephews, 1 niece, 1 brother-in-law, 1 sister-in-law, 1 mother-in-law, 1 father-in-law, 1 son-in-law, 2 sons, 2 daughters, 4 brothers, 1 sister, 2 twins. What is the smallest number of persons who need have been present?

Answers to Puzzles in No. 662.

1. Sun.
2. Vivian is a boy's name; others aren't.
3. Mallet.
4. Friday.
5. Net.
6. 72 does not contain two digits one of which is double the other; the others do.
7. (a) No, (b) No, (c) No, (d) No. (All are possible).
8. Friday.
9. Boundary.
10. Slow cannot be an adverb; others can.
11. Both are transparent, contain oxygen, are non-poisonous, known in solid, liquid and gaseous states, lighter than water, non-inflammable, refract light, etc. But though air is a mixture of gases, supports combustion, is breathable, and plays a part in the chemistry of life, ice is a solid compound, opposes combustion, cannot be breathed, and does not play a part in the chemistry of life. (A queer thing: it is easier to find common properties than opposite ones!)
12. Round peg in a square hole, when 21.46 per cent. of the space is wasted, as against a waste of 36.34 per cent. in the other case.



Jack Greenall Says: Ain't Nature Wonderful!

THE WOLVERINE OR GLUTTON.

THIS animal was once placed in the same family as the Bear. The Bear threw him out. If you've seen a Wolverine no further questions are needed.

He has a nasty look, and doesn't care a tuppenny damn for anybody. What he lives on is not stated.

It was once thought that the Wolverine and the Glutton were distinct from one another, but now he takes the blame for the two. A fat lot he cares.

Folks Are Queer

"BANANA skins and egg-shells hit her on the back of her neck."

Doesn't sound modern? It isn't. It happened some twenty-five years ago, when Lilian Scott, a determined Scotswoman, set about tidying up an Army canteen as the first woman canteen manager.

When she first entered the Staffordshire barracks canteen to take over the job she found bare boards coated with sawdust, spittoons, windows without curtains, barrack-room tables and forms.

She rolled up her sleeves and got down to it. Old sweats staggered back in amazement when they came to the sawdust and spit canteen one day and found rugs on the floor, individual tables and chairs, vases of flowers, curtains at the windows—and no spittoons.

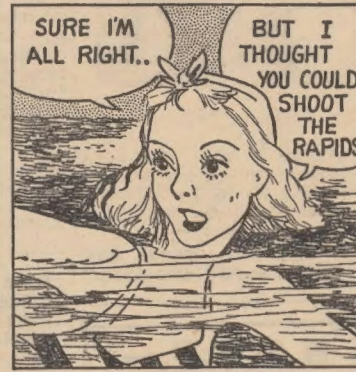
And they didn't like it. It was cissy. And a man must spit.

So they flung a few vases through the window, tore down window curtains, and demanded the return of the spittoons. It was at this time that the banana skins and egg-shells landed—when Lilian turned her back.

But the Scotswoman fought it out. Gradually the men knuckled under, and things stayed where she put them—especially the spittoons.

And at 65, Miss Scott is manageress of the same canteen—it became the first "Naafi."

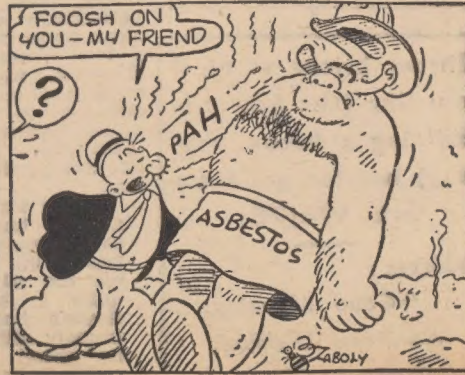
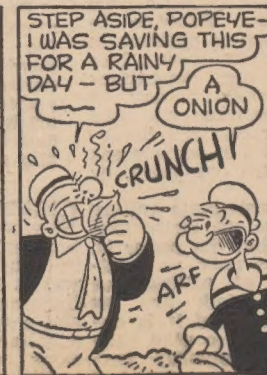
BELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 602

1. Behead a vehicle and get one.
2. Add two letters to a married lady, and make her single by shuffling.
3. What poet had NO for the exact middle of his name?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: We went for a near the — quarries at Carrara.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 601

1. P-lead.
2. GRACIE — AR, CAR-RIAGE.
3. Keats.
4. Latitude, altitude.

JANE

Manuscript Found in a Bottle

(Continued from Page 2)

ears from the distance of a mile.

The ship and all in it are imbued with the spirit of Eld. The crew glide to and fro like the ghosts of buried centuries; their eyes have an eager and uneasy meaning; and when their figures fall athwart my path in the wild glare of the battle-lanterns, I feel as I have never felt before, although I have been all my life a dealer in antiquities, and have imbibed the shadows of fallen columns at Baalbek, and Tadmor, and Persepolis, until my very soul has become a ruin.

When I look around me, I feel ashamed of my former apprehension. If I trembled at the blast which has hitherto attended us, shall I not stand aghast at a warring of wind

and ocean, to convey any idea of which the words tornado and simoon are trivial and ineffective? All in the immediate vicinity of the ship is the blackness of eternal night and a chaos of foamless water; but about a league on either side of us, may be seen, indistinctly and at intervals, stupendous ramparts of ice, towering away into the desolate sky, and looking like the walls of the universe.

As I imagined, the ship proves to be in a current—if that appellation can properly be given to a tide which, howling and shrieking by the white ice, thunders on to the southward with a velocity like the headlong dashing of a cataract.

To conceive the horror of my sensations is, I presume, utterly impossible; yet a curiosity to penetrate the mysteries of these awful regions predominates even over my despair, and will reconcile me to the most hideous aspect of death. It is evident that we are hurrying onward to some exciting knowledge—some never-to-be-imparted secret, whose attainment is destruction. Perhaps this current leads us to the Southern Pole itself. It must be confessed that a supposition apparently so wild has every probability in its favour.

The crew pace the deck with unquiet and tremulous step; but there is upon their countenance an expression more of the eagerness of hope than the apathy of despair.

In the meantime the wind is still in our poop, and as we carry a crowd of canvas, the ship is at times lifted bodily

from 'out the sea! Oh, horror upon horror!—the ice opens suddenly to the right and to the left, and we are whirling dizzily, in immense concentric circles, round and round the borders of a gigantic amphitheatre, the summit of whose walls is lost in the darkness and the distance. But little time will be left me to ponder upon my destiny!


The circles rapidly grow small—we are plunging madly within the grasp of the whirlpool—and amid a roaring, and bellowing, and thundering of ocean and tempest, the ship is quivering—O God! and—going down!....

THE END

ALEX CRACK

Somebody remarked to an Irishman that absentee landlords were diminishing in Ireland. "Diminishing, sir?" said the Irishman, "why, the whole country is full of them."

USELESS EUSTACE



"Message from your private residence, sir. Seems you've got a burst pipe!"



RUGGLES



The Things People Do

BARBARA STYLES, of Weymouth, had the most valuable Teddy Bear in the world. She's still got Teddy—but he isn't so valuable now.

With her parents, Barbara was taken from Guernsey when the Germans occupied the island and was interned with them. They were told, when they left their home, they would have to give up their jewellery—but Barbara's parents thought out a way of hiding it. They cut open Teddy's tummy, stuffed the jewellery inside, and sewed him up again.

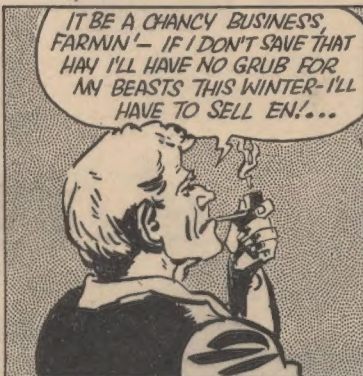
And for two and a half years Barbara's Teddy, her constant companion at school, when she went for a walk, and at bedtime, contained the jewellery.

Now she, and her parents, are in England, repatriated. Teddy is lighter to carry, these days, and not so lumpy. But he's still got a grin on his face.

"DEATH due to enemy action" was the verdict at an inquest on Francis Limbrick, of Warwick Road, Twickenham. But it wasn't a bomb in this war—nor a bullet in the last. It was a bit of shrapnel in the head during the Boer War.

Limbrick was recommended for the V.C. at the time when he was wounded, but got the D.C.M.

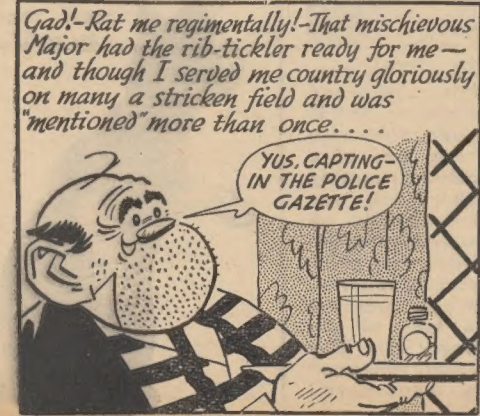
D. N. K. BAGNALL.



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CROSS-WORD CORNER

LAW CARVED
INITIAL ENA
MIRE PURSER
PLEAD MOT I
I KID WARN
END PAPA EG
SERF CANAL
C EIDER GIB
HODGE TRIER
ERG ABSOLVE
WEEKLY DEED

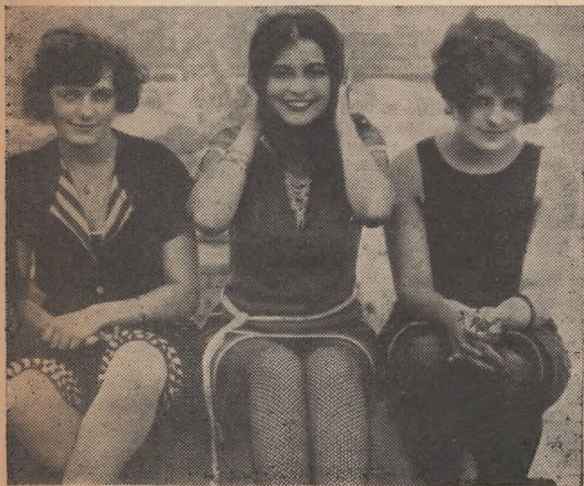
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37								

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Dwarf plant. 6 Stuff. 10 Unconvincing. 11 Fish. 12 Opposed. 13 Kind. 14 Drink. 15 Make untidy. 17 Pricking tools. 19 Beauty. 21 Punjab river. 24 Besides. 26 Predicament. 29 Wedge-shaped piece. 32 Armour. 33 Loom worker. 34 Covered walk. 35 Rend. 36 Headland. 37 Pays out.

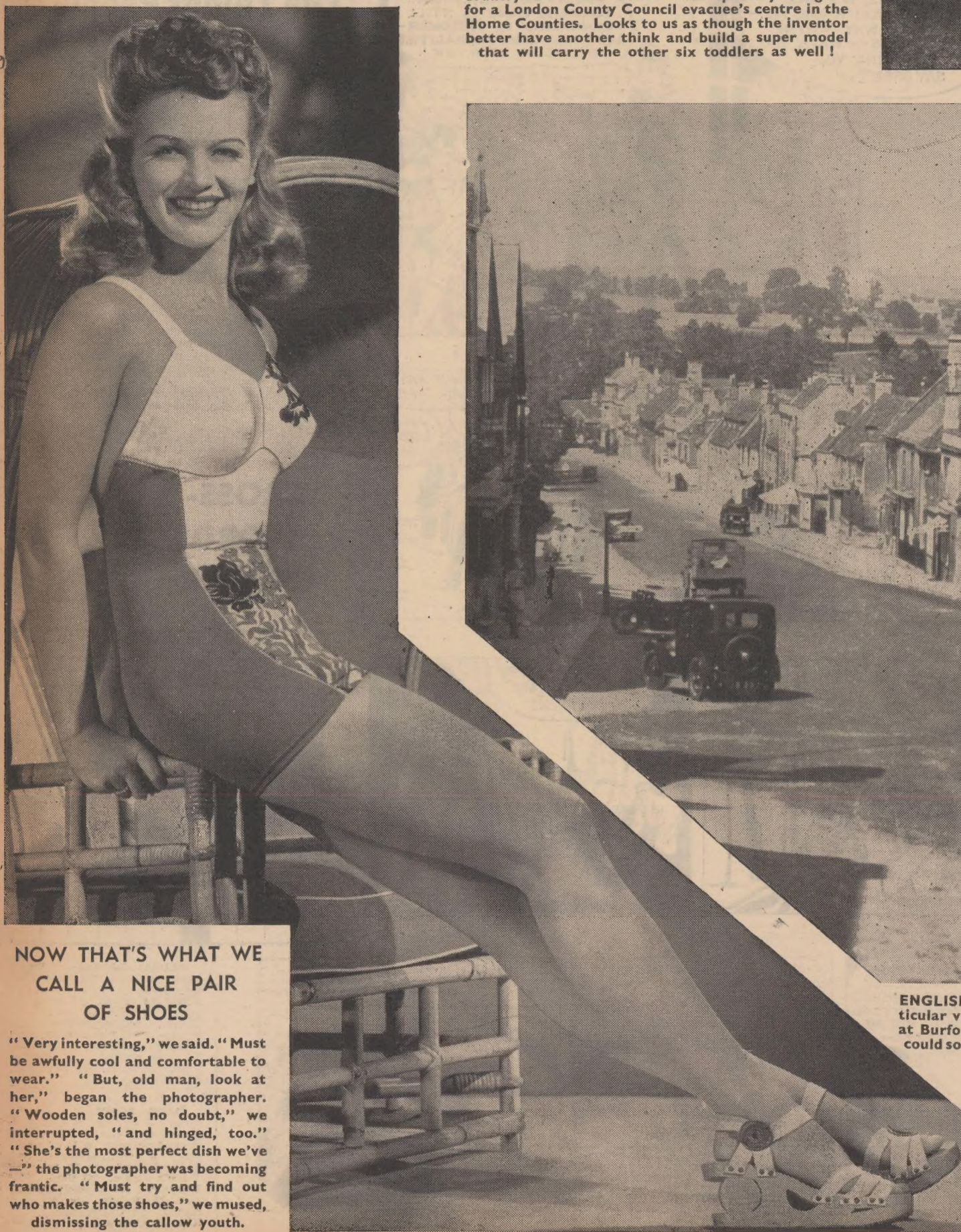
CLUES DOWN.—1 Talon. 2 Gorge. 3 Portent. 4 Grain. 5 Write letters of. 6 Throw. 7 Created disorder. 8 Land measure. 9 Length measures. 16 Thames at Oxford. 18 Cry. 19 Vehicle worker. 20 Verses. 22 Deny. 23 Not versed in literature. 25 Sussex town. 27 Feel regard. 28 Unfortunately. 30 Kite. 31 Goes astray.

Good Morning

A little reminder of the days when the gals went swimming wearing everything but their fur coats. The year was 1921.



Introducing the 2-nurse-power Charapram. This outsize in prams — giving an unobstructed view of the countryside to ten riders — was specially designed for a London County Council evacuee's centre in the Home Counties. Looks to us as though the inventor better have another think and build a super model that will carry the other six toddlers as well!



NOW THAT'S WHAT WE CALL A NICE PAIR OF SHOES

"Very interesting," we said. "Must be awfully cool and comfortable to wear." "But, old man, look at her," began the photographer. "Wooden soles, no doubt," we interrupted, "and hinged, too." "She's the most perfect dish we've —" the photographer was becoming frantic. "Must try and find out who makes those shoes," we mused, dismissing the callow youth.



ENGLISH VILLAGE. This particular village street is to be found at Burford, in Oxfordshire. But it could so easily have been the main street of any one of a hundred other dreaming villages that dot our pleasant countryside. A couple of hundred houses, two pubs, a school, a church, and a green where the lads of the village can play cricket. What can man want more?

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Personally, I could do with a cat's meat shop, as well."

